Ber. This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deitie.
A Greene Goose, a Goddesse, pure pure Idolatrie.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.
Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sackes to the myll. O heauens I haue my wish,
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.
Dum. O most diuine *Kate*.
Bero. O most prophane coxcombe.
Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.
Bero. By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.
Dum. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted,
Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.
Dum. As vpright as the Cedar.
Ber. Stoope I say her shoulder is with-child.
Dum. As faire as day.
Ber. I as some dayes, but then no Sunne must shine.
Dum. O that I had my wish?
Lon. And I had mine.
Kin. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer she
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Feuer in your bloud, why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.
Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can vary Wit.

Dumaine readeshis Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whose Month is euery May,
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Velure, leaues the winde,
All vnseene, can passage finde.

That

That the Louer sicke to
Wish himselfe the heau
Ayre (quoth he) thy
Ayre, would I might
But alacke my hand
Nere to plucke thee fr
Vow alacke for youth
Youth so apt to plucke
Doe not call it sinne in
That I am forsworne
Thou for whom Ioue
Iuno *but an Æthiop*
And denie himselfe
Turning mortall for t
This will I send, and something
That shall expresse my true-lou
O would the King, *Berowne* a
Were Louers two, ill to exampl
Would from my forehead wipe
For none offend, where all alik
Lon. Dumaine, thy Loue is
That in Loues griefe desir'st soc
You may looke pale, but I shou
To be ore-heard, and taken nap
Kin. Come sir, you blush:
You chide at him, offending t
You doe not Loue *Maria*? *Lo*
Did neuer Sonnet for her sake
Nor neuer lay his wreathed ar
His louing bosome, to keepe d
I haue beene closely shrowded
And markt you both, and for y
I heard your guilty Rimes, ob
Saw sighes reeke from you, not
Aye me, sayes one! O *Ioue*! th
On her haires were gold, Chri
You would for Paradise breake
And *Ioue* for your Loue, woul
What will *Berowne* say when t

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